

he ends up with a mile-and-a-half,  
five-buck fare. now he goes back

to the end of the line and it's  
only a half-hour before the noise  
curfew shuts the airport down.

"i know, but how was i supposed  
to get home?"

"call your wife."

"she goes to bed early."

"but the cabbie might have been so  
outraged — he might have murdered  
you and dumped your body in dominguez hills."

"still," i conclude, "i'm glad i didn't  
call my wife."

GREAT WEALTH MIGHT LEECH THE SWEETNESS FROM  
HER DISPOSITION

sometimes for special occasions  
such as mother's day  
i give her a bunch of quick-picks  
for the saturday night lottery.  
after she goes to bed  
and before i do,  
i leave them out for her.  
then she can bring in the sunday paper  
and check to see if she has any winners.

of course, i listen to the late news to  
make sure i'm not making anyone but me  
a millionaire.

HOW IN TEN BRIEF YEARS THE FIRST AND SECOND WORLDS  
CAME TO JOIN THE THIRD WORLD

i think that liberals have been  
unfairly reluctant to give ronald  
reagan his due for raising the  
ante of the arms race so high that  
he actually managed to bankrupt the  
entire eastern communist bloc.

of course, in so doing, he broke  
our bank as well.